

Mostly Ghostly

As I sat in the back of the classroom my attention always drifted from my teacher the other occupants that sat at the front of the room. No not the other students like myself, but the lost souls with unfinished business that refused to cross over. Whenever their eyes would meet mine I would change my attention to make it seem as though I was looking through them, and not directly at them. When they spoke to me I had to pretend there was nothing there; no matter how loud they screamed, no matter how much they begged, no matter how much they distracted me.

“Just focus Andy. Just focus on the teacher,” I told myself as the male ghost that usually occupied this classroom floated in and around the chairs. He pushed textbooks onto the ground, he ran his ghostly hand up the back of several students which caused them to shivers, he went as far as to let out several deep moans that many chopped up to the air conditioning unit. It wasn’t until he reached my section that my complete focus on the teacher was necessary. Even though I wasn’t sure what the professor was saying I needed something to try to hold my attention. So not to attract his attention.

“Fuck he is hot,” the male ghost groaned as he stared at the professor as he nonchalantly flexed his arms in the already too tight dress shirt. I cocked my head to the side in surprise at the voice of the ghost, never before had I heard him comment on the teacher. That was my first mistake. The ghost saw my reaction and immediately knew that I had heard.

“You heard me!” He accused. My eyes went wide as I stared back at the teacher, unblinking. But it was too late. The male ghost floated directly through two students and leaned down in front of me. And that was the first time I had ever come face to face with this ghost.

He looked to about my age, maybe younger, probably a freshman in college when he passed. Even though he partially transparent the features of his face were still visible; almond-shaped eyes, short cropped hair, and thin lips. His eyes were full of surprise as he stared directly into my own. The jig was up. How could I have been so sloppy? It had been years since my last mess up and during class none the less.

“You can see me! Stop trying to look away!” He shrieked. He leaned even closer to me until our noses touched; well if he was corporeal they would be touching. I didn’t respond. I couldn’t respond. Just focus on looking through him. Make him think it was a coincidence. He pushed with whatever energy held him together and knocked my books off my desk, and with a louder crash than usual, they

hit the ground. Luckily the class was in a large auditorium so it the sound did not disrupt the entire class, just those that surrounded me.

“Sorry,” I said as I held my hands up in defense at the glares of annoyance from my fellow classmates. I leaned down to pick up my books and placed them on my desk, and wrote a quick message on my paper.

“Yes, I can see you. Can you stop trying to cause a scene.” His eyes read the message and lit up with such happiness. I was probably the first person he had talked to in years, and from the way, he was dressed; it had to be at least twenty to thirty years since he had passed.

“You could see me all semester long and you only say something now?” He asked as he floated around me and began to read over my shoulder.

“I don’t talk to ghosts,” I wrote underneath the first note. He raised a ghostly brow in objection.

“Why not?! It’s so cool!” He cried. His words turned into a loud ghostly wail that echoed through the large auditorium, vibrating the air and every loose piece of paper that sat on the student’s desks. Everyone began to mutter and move in their chair as the room grew cool.

“Okay everyone calm down. It was just the air conditioner turning on. Can we all turn our attention back to the board please,” the youthful professor said. His accent was more than enough to lure every female that occupied the front row back into his thrall.

“God he’s so dreamy,” the ghost said as he leaned back down towards me. He must have heard my grunt of disagreement. “What you don’t think so? He’s a total hunk! He looks just like Marky Mark but with a British accent,” he said lustfully. I looked back to the professor to the professor I guess I could see it. He had big pouty lips, wide shoulders, thin waist, big arms.

“I’m not gay,” I wrote down on the paper. The ghost read my note and laid in midair and crossed his legs.

“God but just look at him. What I would have given to just talk to a man like that. Let alone have sex with him,” the ghost fantasized beside me. Now fully engrossed in describing his sexual fantasies to me, I was lost in whatever the teacher had said. It was just one long, never-ending rant in my ear about how much he wished he was alive, or how he wanted to just touch the professor and I had enough.

“Can you just stop talking!” I shouted. Immediately after the words left my mouth I knew that I had spoken too loud.

“Excuse me?” the professor asked as he dropped his book onto his podium. “What did you say to me?”

“Someone’s in trouuuuuble!” The ghostly boy teased as he floated from one side of me to the other. “Maybe he will spank you in front of the class. That would be hot.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I wasn’t –” I began to stammer, but was quickly interrupted by the professor.

“ – Planning on staying after class? Well, don’t worry about that. I have a clear schedule that has your name all over it,” the professor finished. “We can meet in my office. Room 215 on the second floor immediately after class. Now if everyone would return to the formula on the board.” The professor turned away quickly, not allowing me a single word in edgewise. What was I gonna say to him? A ghost was annoying me. That I was yelling at the imaginary person who was beside me, and I had no proof that they were there?

It wasn’t the first time that my powers had gotten me into trouble with authority. There had been many times when I was much younger that teachers, parents, even police berated me for doing things because of ghosts or knowing things that I should not have known because of a particular spirit.

“Someone’s in trouble. Someone’s in trouble.” The ghost sang as he floated around the class. I threw that had kept me safe my entire life and openly scowled at the ghost as he laughed and joked for the rest of the class.

When it was over I had thought I would be free of the annoyance of the ghost, but he decided that it was too good of an opportunity to give up. I pushed my AirPods into my ears which gave the illusion that I was talking to somebody over the phone and not the spirit that had followed me.

“Why can’t you just leave me alone?” I shouted as I moved between students, walking towards the office. He shrugged his translucent shoulders.

“Bored. Lonely. Horny. Your choice.” I rolled my eyes in annoyance.

“What’s your name?” The ghost pursed his lips in confusion.

“Hmm, I haven’t been asked that in a very long time,” he said to himself. His tone said it all. The answer to my original question was in fact, lonely. “I don’t even think I can remember my name,” he said as he tried to focus down on memories that had floated away. Even through all his annoying antics, I did feel a twinge of sadness for him. How lonely would I be if I was stuck on a campus full of people and unable to talk to a single one of them? I pushed the overly emotional thoughts into the back of my mind and instead knocked on the teacher’s door. The unnamed ghost floated closely behind me, hovering over my shoulder as his attention came back to the present and not the distant memories of a life that had long been passed.

“Come in,” the professor ordered, and I stood unmoving on the opposite side of the door. In that moment of hesitation, it happens.

I don't know if it was the energy of excitement that he was exuding, or if I was allowing myself to be open to the thought of talking to a ghost for the first time in my life. But as the ghost pushed forward, in an attempt to move me into the office. His form fell into mine. I had read books, and papers, and articles about ghosts and the supernatural in an attempt to better prepare myself for the supernatural, but nothing that I had read could have prepared me for what a true possession would feel like when and if it happened. It was like two people talking on the phone at the same time. Both voices, trying to arguing over the other until one took control. I would have liked to say that my mental fortitude was stronger than that of the unknown ghost boy, but he must have been saving his energy for just an occasion if it were to ever happen.

"Fuck!" he shouted as he literally jumped from the door with my body. He touched my face and waved my arms in the air. He touched the door. He even grabbed my dick

HEY! Don't touch that!

I attempted to speak but my voice was nothing more than an inner thought, that could only be heard by the ghost that now inhabited my body.

"Oh, I am going to touch a lot more than that when I am done with your body," he said menacingly.

What the fuck does that mean?

"Just wait and see. I have seen the way the teacher looks at boys in the class. And with a body like yours, this will be easy," the ghost said. It was weird hearing my voice making words that were not of my own thoughts, like hearing a recording of yourself but of clips cut together. "Come into the web the spider said to the fly," the ghost said as he opened the door and walked into my professor's office.

"Oh, hi Professor Gregory," he said to the professor, dropping the dark tone from his voice and taking on more of a subservient cadence. Who was this ghost?

"Take a seat, Mr. Arnold," the professor said, motioning to a seat that sat directly in front of him. "One moment while I finish writing this email and then we will talk about your outburst during class today." The ghost took the seat and spread my legs wide, which only caused my cock and balls to hang forward. Today was not the day to be a commando. And if I ever got my body back, it would never happen again.

Stop sitting like that what are you trying to do?

The ghost gave a slight chuckle but no answer while he waited for the Professor to be finished with his email. And once he was done he pushed the screen to the side of the desk and gave a slight jolt

of surprise upon seeing my sprawled body in the seat. From the rosiness that flooded to his cheeks, he was not only surprised but enjoyed the view.

“So I wanted to talk about that uncalled for the outburst in class Mr. Arnold,” Professor Gregory said in an attempt to reclaim his calm demeanor.

“Yes sir, I wanted to apologize about how bad I was in class. I really shouldn’t have shouted that in class, and I take whatever punishment you deem necessary,” the ghost said to my professor, overly emphasizing the word punishment. The professor squinted his eyes in confusion as he stared at my face. He leaned back in his chair as a wave of realization came over him. The ghost had set the bait and the professor bit.

“And what would you think would be a necessary punishment for such a bad boy?” The professor asked as he raised an eyebrow. It was a tactful response, nothing overly sexual, but just enough for the ghost to know they were on the same page.

“Well, when I was younger and bad in class. My teachers use to spank me. They would take a ruler and slap it against my bare bum until I learned to behave,” the ghost said. Those memories flood until my mind as if they were hidden behind some sort of levy; memories of his being spanked by a priest while bent over in Catholic schoolboy uniform and crying for them to stop and memories of him for later in life still being spanked and him crying for them to continue. The professor adjusted his unseen cock.

“Apparently they were not forceful enough with you. Go ahead and bend over Mr. Arnold. I don’t have a ruler handle so then you going to have to be good with my hand.” Professor Gregory stood from his desk and rolled up the sleeves of his button-down shirt, and loosened his tie. He let out a grunt of appreciation as the ghost moved my body into position and pushed out my ass.

From the years that I spent in the gym, I knew that my body was appreciated by both men and woman. The looks I got while at the gym or when I walked around campus were all that I needed to know that I was attractive. I had a cute enticing face, a strong but not overly muscular like Professor Gregory, and rounded buttocks that every girlfriend I had fawned over. It wasn’t like I even worked hard on leg day, I was just blessed in the gluteal department; both were tight, round, and the perfect amount of fat and muscle.

Please no! Please, you can do whatever you want just nothing gay!

My inner voice pleaded with the ghost that inhabited my body and only moved forward with his plan. He leaned over the desk and pushed out my ass, and wiggled it enticingly towards my professor who gave another grunt of excitement as he stepped behind my body.

Even though I was not in control of my body I could still feel his hand as it grazed my cheek. My stomach filled with disgust while at the same time my cock throbbed with excitement. Somehow the excitement and interests of the ghost were not only invading my mind but also my body. I could feel my professor's other hand rub onto the opposing cheek. It moved around the edge and under the cleft and squeezed both tightly.

"Now, if you are going to be punished properly then we are going to need to remove these pants." Without even asking he took hold of the button and unzipped my pants before he pulled them to the ground. I could feel his hot breath on my bare ass as he squatted slightly to drop the pants. There was a slight gasp after he found that I was not wearing any underwear, and there was an even louder gasp when my cock flopped onto his desk with a soft thud.

"I won't be going easy on you Mr. Arnold. This is all your fault. And if you are going to be in my class then you are going to respect me, and your other classmates." He stepped to the side and gazed with the view of my rounded ass in the air, my toned body propped on his desk and my hard cock as it leaked on his desk. The first slap against my ass came as a surprise to myself and to the ghost.

Holy cow!

"Oh fuck!" my voice screamed before my back arched more and my ass was pushed back, ready for another. "Please professor punish me like the bad boy that I am," the ghost begged. The professor answered his plea with multiple, rapid strikes of the palm of his hand onto my ass cheeks. My inner voice screamed in pain while the ghost only continued to moan and groan with lust. My own cock betrayed me and issued a continuous thin line of precum on to the top of my professor's desk.

"Someone's making a mess," Professor Gregory commented as he rubbed my burning cheeks almost lovingly. He would change from the aggressive teacher and the gentle lover repeatedly through my punishment. The ghost's obsession with being spanked and the pleasure that came with each one began to overflow from the ghost's mind and into mine. It was like a poison that filled my subconscious. A poison that ate away at my feelings, and natural response to the spanking that was being given to me by my teacher.

Harder

Was the first coherent positive response that I was able to make.

Harder! Please spank me harder!

The ghost let out a giggle of amusement, at my change in stance at the thought of being spanked.

“Oh, you think that’s funny? Why don’t you laugh at this!” The professor slammed his hand as hard as possible onto my bare ass and both of us, the ghost and my inner voice, yelled in the perfect combination of pain and pleasure.

“More!” The ghost begged and I begged in unison, and he was more than happy to respond. Every time his hand stroke my ass my cock rubbed against the leather topper of his desk. The ghost groaned and moaned as he rubbed my cock against the leather, smearing my cum in his wake.

Don’t stop. I’m getting close!

“Don’t stop. I’m getting close!” The ghost said, mimicking my cry for completion. With one final spanking, my body was launched forward onto my teacher’s desk, and my load quickly followed. A long rope of cum shot from one side of the desk all the way to the other, covering all of his work and keyboard. My body fell onto the top of the desk, covering my entire body in cum.

“Now Mr. Arnold I am going to leave you here to clean yourself up. I expect my desk returned back to normal and you out of my office when I am back.” Professor Gregory announced as he turned away from my exhausted body. From the corner of my eye, I could see my professor’s hardened cock as it was plastered against his trousers. “And if you need any further punishment Mr. Arnold I would be more than obliged to give it to you.” Professor Gregory slammed the door behind him and left me alone.

“God, felt great to be alive,” the ghost said as he stretched my body, and pulled it off the desk.

Now get the fuck out of my body!

“Okay, okay. Let me see if I can figure it out,” the ghost said as he took a deep breath and lifted himself from my body. It felt like taking off a bodysuit, and when he fully left my body the full pain of the spanking that I had just endured fell on me.

“Holy fuck that hurts!” I cried as I rubbed my tender butt cheeks. I looked around the room and found the ghost as he floated around still in complete ecstasy.

“It felt so goooooood to be alive again! I can’t wait to do it again!” He said, rubbing his ghostly hands over his appendages.

“Again?!”

“And I’m sure there are a ton of other ghosts on campus who would love a ride,” he said as he rubbed his face. “Now who should I tell first?” I grew worried at the thought of more possessions that would be forced upon me, but what scared me most was would those also change me too? Even as I rubbed my ass, where once I felt pain my cock throbbled in excitement and hope that it would happen again.

An Undead Voyeur

Needless to say, I did not return to the class after that experience with the professor and the horny ghost boy. Luckily while the ghost was in his after orgasm stupor I was able to slip away unnoticed by him, blending in with a large group of students as they exited the building. I had thought he saw me when he drifted above the large group of students but I was able to get back to my room hidden.

Immediately, I dropped the class which was a bigger annoyance than I really wanted. Since it was already halfway through the semester, there would be no refund for my money and I would have a big W on my records until the end of time. While I laid in bed, exhausted from my mid-day experience with my teacher I couldn't help but feel the sting as it lingered on my butt cheek. The thought of his manly hand slam down across my cheeks sent a thrill through my body which caused my dick to jolt in agreement.

"UGH!" I groaned in annoyance as I rolled over onto my face and screamed into the pillow. Was this *attraction* permanent? What would happen if other ghosts possess me? Would the nameless ghost from before telling people about me? Would I have to change schools? I worked my head into a large jumbled mess or worry with questions that I couldn't answer. So I decided it was time to sleep.

Several hours later I awoke to the sound of my phone buzzing in my pocket. I pawed my pockets, feeling the ghost of the sting on my cheeks as my hand pushed into my pocket. I withdrew my phone and saw that it was a group text of my friends asking, who would be going to the gym? I looked at the time and saw that I had slept through my Sociology class and through the remainder of the day. I pulled myself from the bed and texted a quick response to my friends, saying I would be heading to the campus gym in ten minutes. Their response was thumbs up emojis and biceps. I rolled my eyes as I tossed my phone back onto the bed. Grabbing my nearest pair of shorts and tank top I readied myself for the gym.

"Fuck," I groaned as I looked at my bare ass. Both cheeks were decorated with dark red handprints. I grazed my hand around the cleft of my left cheek and felt the raised welts that were created by my overzealous professor. The fresh memory and the physical representation of the aggressive spanking I received were more than enough. "God that hurts." My hand traced the outline of my professor's handprint which caused goose pimples to erupt all over my body. I gave a light slap against my cheek and felt my cock jump to full attention. I closed my eyes and fantasized about being

propped against his desk once again. I tried to replace my professor with a female, any female, but only his strong-jawed face came to my mind. Images of him as he slapped against my ass to the point where I shot all over his desk once more. And when I opened my eyes my cock had already begun to leak once more.

“No! You’re not gay. You don’t like being spanked.” I shook my head and regained control of my body. I took a pair of underwear in hand and hid my shame and my boner underneath the cotton fabric. “Out of sight. Out of mind.” Was all I said to myself as I finished getting dressed and left my dorm room with my gym bag in hand.

The gym was only four blocks away from my dorm and one of the best in the state. Rows of machines, ample parking space, and tons of sorority girls to gawk at and tons of guys to have spot. My friends all waited in our usual spot where we always began our lifts. It was a short workout but I was able to keep my mind focused on something other than the weirdness that had to happen just a few hours before.

None of my friends knew about the little problem I had with the undead. Not like any of them would believe me or understand what I was going through. So I kept the constant assault of spirits to myself and acted like a somewhat normal college student. Well, as normal as they come. After the workout and very relaxing steam with the boys, it was our walk back to the locker room when the very normal evening took a turn.

“*Damn those boys are fine,*” a deep voice commented as we pushed our way into through the locker room door. I knew immediately that it did not belong to one of the living. It wasn’t until we turned that I found who voiced the unnerving compliment.

It was a rather older, and portly man. He looked much too old to be a student, and too fat to be someone who would have been someone who would spend any time in the gym. His face was covered in wrinkles, and his head was almost devoid of any hair. His ghostly body floated in midair as he peeked around the corner as he stared at the men in the changing area as if he were afraid to be seen. I gave a chuckle in amusement as I saw the lust in his eyes as he gawked at my friends as they walked in front of me. And when I turned the corner I caught the man’s eyes.

“*You!*” He shouted excitedly. I quickly turned my face away and stared blankly at my friends. “*You’re him aren’t you!*” He said as he floated towards me, with his hands outstretched. I walked backward and hit the wall in fear of him touching me. “*You’re the guy! Finally!*”

“No!” I screamed as I held up my hands in defense as if I was actually able to stop the possession from happening. The older man’s astral hands fell into my body, followed by the rest of him. I could feel

his mind pushing me into the passenger seat of my own body while he took full control. I would have thought, knowing that the possession was about to happen would have given me some sort of upper hand but once again; I was wrong.

“Hey dude, you okay?” My friend Jeremy asked as he walked over to me.

“I am sorry friend. I didn’t mean to scream. I had thought I saw a rat run across the floor,” the ghost said. My friend looked at me with the oddest look at the tone of my voice. My voice sounded the same, but something about the cadence of the words seemed like they belong to someone vastly older.

“Okay I guess,” he said uneasily. “Alex and I were thinking about jumping in the showers before...”

“Showers?!” The ghost shrieked in excitement. I could already feel my cock begin to inflate within my gym shorts. Visions filled my head; hours spent staring at men working out on the floor, changing in the locker room, and the same men showering. My what I could see within the ghost’s memories; he would peak through the cracks in the curtain and hungrily stare at the naked men as they showered. He would worship the men with his eyes and his words. Never did he step around the curtain or too close to the naked men in the locker room, always seeming to enjoy the secretiveness of watching from a distance.

“Yeah. Showers. You know that thing with the soap, and the water, and the shampoo. Damn, did you stay in the sauna too long or something?” Jeremy asked as our other friend Alex walked over in only in a tow. His usual straight black hair was stuck to his forehead from the sweat that drenched his skin. His gym clothes were discarded and he was only dressed into a short towel that was wrapped around his waist. Alex’s thin waist was only accentuated by his widened hips and his overdeveloped quads. He held his towel tightly around his hips but held it just low enough for the ghost to get a glimpse of his pubic region.

“God you’re gorgeous,” the ghost muttered which only received even more weird looks from my two best friends. Please notice that something is wrong! Notice this isn’t really me! I mentally pleaded from the shadows of my own mind.

“And on that note. I’m going to go shower,” Alex said as he pointed towards the corner of the locker room that held the showers. “Are you coming? Or are you going to just continue to stare at the men walking around?” He asked as he moonwalked to the showers.

“HA HA HA! You’re so funny!” The ghost genuinely laughed at my friend’s comments, overcompensating for his weirdness, caused by his very new experience. Alex and Jeremy both rolled their eyes, thinking that the comment was sarcastic and not genuine.

“Yeah, I’m coming,” Jeremy said as he peeled away his top layer of clothing and dropped his shorts, revealing his dark skin and hairy body. He grabbed a towel from the rack and followed our mutual friend. My eyes locked onto the toned glutes of my other best friend and watched as they moved from side to side as if luring me to follow.

“God you have some hot friends,” the ghost said, obviously speaking to me.

“Get out of my body!” I mentally screamed as he walked towards the showers himself. My legs moved against my orders and took a towel even though I mentally pulled my arm to my side but like before my body did not react. My body moved towards the shower as if I was a magnet and my two friends were too hot hunks of metal. I felt my arms pull off my clothes and hang them on the nearest hook of the unoccupied shower. A shower that was right across the way from my two friends.

The ghost moved my body into the shower and turned on the water, immediately lathered up his body, and peaked between the break in the curtain. Luckily for the older ghost, the curtains that acted as partitions to the rest of the were not large enough to hide the bodies that used the showers.

“So hot,” the ghost groaned as he began to massage my cock as he got an eye full of Alex’s creamy wide hips. His body was the definition fo pear-shaped; a thin toned upper body which tapered to a flat stomach and then exploded out on either of his sides with the perfect combination of fat and muscle. Alex rubbed his ass as the ghost unknowingly watched him and began to jerk my cock. Alex bent slightly over within the shower and ran his fingers up and down his crack, washing the sweat from the day from between his immense cheeks.

“What I wouldn’t give to have just a taste.” The ghost groaned as my balls began to boil with precum. My mouth began to water with a hunger that was foreign to me. Seeing Alex through the lust filled eyes of the ghost I saw the sexiest person alive, and the ghosts perverted thoughts invaded my own mind.

“God I wonder what they would feel like,” I said within my consciousness. I could feel my head move as the ghost nodded in agreement.

“How have you never taken a lick of that ass before?” The ghost asked as his hand moved towards my nipple and pinched them lightly. Memories of wrestling with Alex came to the forefront of my mind; memories of his ass being pressed against my face in a joking manner, memories of pinning him down with my cock pressed against his ass, memories of how his ass felt as my hands pawed at them in an attempt to move his massive lower body. It was like I could smell the sweat from his ass and the sensation of his ass on my hands as I remembered those moments. But now they were each tainted with a new found lust for his buttocks.

“So fucking huge. So soft. So firm. So juicy,” the ghost moaned as his hand began rapidly jerked my cock as he stared at Alex within breaking eye contact with his ass. I could feel my balls begin to tighten underneath my shaft as my body ready for the orgasm, and it came at the perfect time. Alex grabbed one of his voluptuous cheeks, pulled it away from the other, and revealed his hairless pink hole to the ghost.

“FUCK!” The ghost groaned as my cock launched a healthy torrent of cum onto the curtain of my shower; a torrent which forced him to grab onto the curtain for stability. Even as my eyes attempted to blink he would not look away from the perfect ass that stood before the two of us. And at this point, I didn’t want to look away either. The longer I stared the more I wanted it. I wanted to feel my cock buried within his hole, or taste his cheeks as he sat on my face. It was after the orgasm stopped that the ghost slipped from my body like a tablecloth as it fell from a table. While the first ghost seemed to force its way from my body, this one was more than happy to leave.

“That felt amazing! Thank you so much for giving me this one last time!” It was all that he said before his translucent body faded from my vision. Had he just passed on? Was this really his unfinished business? Jerking off to some hot piece of ass in a shower? Did I just say Alex was a hot piece of ass? I looked through the crack of my shower curtain and was gifted with the view of his two cheeks. My cock already begin to re-inflate at the sight of them.

From the edge of my vision, I saw the rustle of another curtain. A curtain that was beside Alex. And through the crack, I saw another pair of eyes as they stared at me. It was Jeremy, and he looked like he had enjoyed the show as much as I did, from the way his thickened cock hung between his muscular legs. Lord, this was gonna be hard to explain.